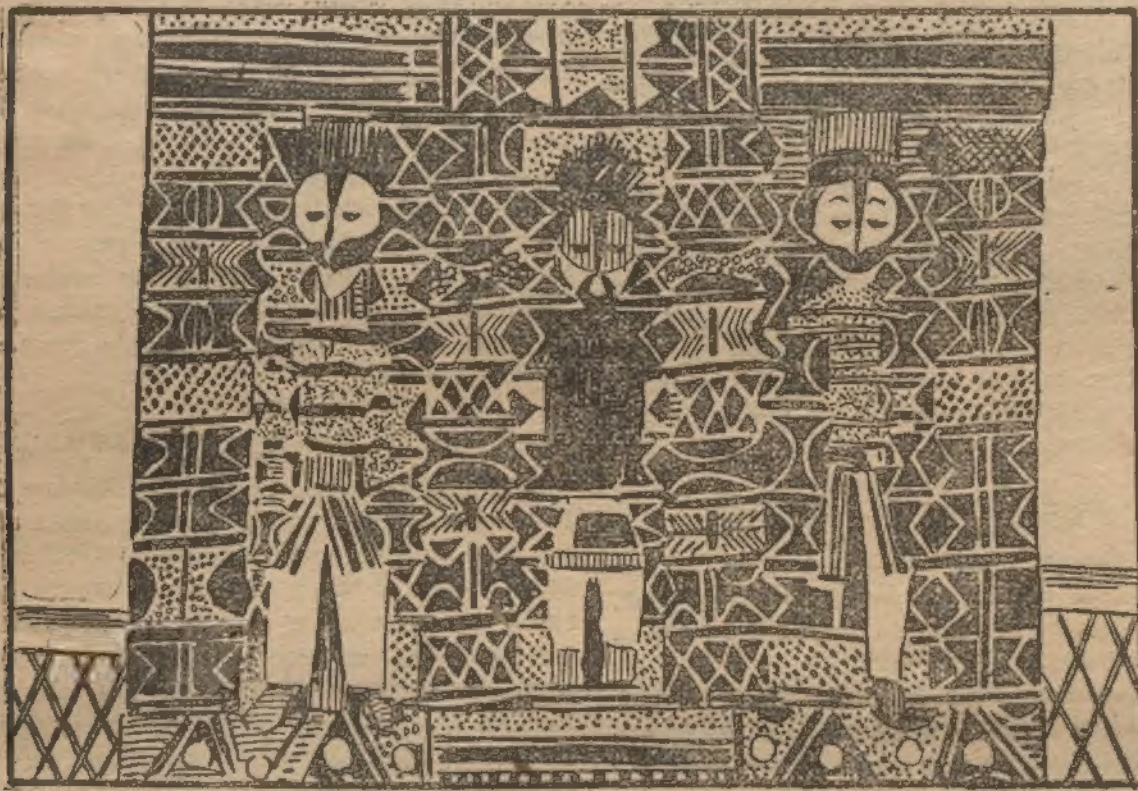


Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVI., No. 34

MONTREAL, AUGUST 23, 1901.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.



FETISH IMAGES CARVED IN RELIEF PLACED ON ROADSIDE AT ENTRANCE OF TOWNS IN ZOMBO.

In the Zombo Country.

(Rev. T. Lewis, in 'Baptist Missionary Herald'.)

'Zombo is a name given to an extensive tract of country lying to the east of San Salvador, and about 100 miles distant. The name is often applied to a wider area than that branch of the Congo family known as Zombos. Zombo proper has an area of over 3,000 square miles, and is very thickly populated. From native reports we were prepared to see large townships, but we were astonished to find so many people everywhere. Nowhere on the lower Congo

is there anything that can bear comparison with Zombo for population, and without any reservation we can say that this district presents a most promising field for missionary work.

'Superstition and heathenism are rampant everywhere, and the moral and spiritual darkness is simply appalling. We witnessed sights and scenes which are only possible to the most degraded of human beings. They know nothing of God; they have the name of God in their language, and upon their lips, but what idea the name conveys to their mind it is difficult to say. An example of this vagueness is seen in the fact

that on several occasions they addressed me by that name, and on my remonstrating with them and explaining that we were only men teaching them of God and his love to us all, they insisted upon calling me "Son" of God. Such things are very revolting to one's feelings, but it shows their utter darkness and ignorance of spiritual things. In Zombo the houses and towns are full of fetishes and charms; we came across many fetishes which even our carriers had never seen before. One thing interested us all, and we found it in many towns. It was a "trap to catch the devil." It was cleverly arranged—sometimes on the square space where the people met for palavers, and sometimes in the houses—with cord loops and cane springs, and they had special charms to attract their prey into it. The idea was very commendable, and the trap would be a great blessing to the world at large if it were successful. But they all confessed that the trap had not caught yet! I enclose two photographs, which will serve as samples of carved images, placed by the roadside to guard the entrance into the towns.'

Pellet of Mud for Dr. Barnardo

(By Dr. Barnardo, in 'Christian Herald'.)

I had had a bad half-hour, although it was on a lovely but broiling hot Sunday in July. Surrounded by a little band of earnest colleagues, I had been holding open-air services, as was my manner on Sundays, at the corners of many of the mean streets and dingy lanes of Limehouse Fields. But the opposition was out in force! A hooting, yelling mob was round us, and it was with difficulty we preserved our cohesion and avoided absolute conflict. The missiles aimed at us more often missed their aim than not, but they were just as disastrous in diverting attention.

At the corner of Eastfield street, when we began our opening hymn, cold water was very literally thrown upon the proceedings by an elderly lady, as she would call herself, who dexterously emptied a large can upon us from the window of a tenement, against which we had sought shelter. The hilarious crowd hailed this incident with shrieks of laughter. It was, in their eyes, a good practical joke, which made these religious people look supremely ridiculous! But we were young and ardent, and we sang aloud: 'Let us never mind the scoffs and frowns of the world,

For we all have the cross to bear.'

And we meant it all. But at this juncture a clever little rascal at the edge of the crowd felt that the time had arrived to distinguish himself. A good deal of water had fallen on the dusty pavement and gutter. This he had industriously scooped up with his hands, kneading into it as much of the summer dust and street-sweepings as could be conveniently gathered, while we, in ignorance of what was in store for us, sang our ditty.

By-and-by, with closed eyes and heads reverently bared, we besought our Father's blessing upon the gathering crowd. But our closed eyes gave the young marksman the opportunity he wanted. He had now gathered about a dozen soft pellets of well-kneaded mud and street refuse, each some-



IMAGE AT ENTRANCE OF A ZOMBO TOWN.

what about the size of a small egg, and he thereupon proceeded with wonderful accurate aim, to mark us down with these projectiles. He generally contrived to throw one into a mouth, if it happened to be open, or, failing that, just between the two eyes! Of course we did not see each other's danger or our own, for we kept our eyes devoutly closed, and so the marksman was able to take us one after the other. Me he took nearly last of all. With my hat in my hands, I had just opened my mouth in prayer, when, lo and behold, it was neatly and tightly plugged, so forcibly distended with the mass of stuff that had been skillfully thrown that I could neither shut my mouth nor eject the missile! Of course I instantly opened my eyes and found everyone around me convulsed with laughter! The boy was gone. 'Who did it?' At last I heard a voice say, 'It was Charlie Jackson,' but he had gone home. I confess that if I had had Charlie Jackson at that moment in a quiet corner, I felt I could have given him a bit of my mind.

Suffice it to say that I forthwith hurried home, as did also the others. We could not go on for every face of those who accompanied me bore some mark of Charlie Jackson's successful bombardment. Someone fetched me a glass of water, but it was only after a lot of rinsing that I at length got my mouth quite clear and could articulate distinctly again.

Oh, how delicious a cup of tea was that evening! How tired we all were, and how gloomily we asked each other, Was there any use in holding these open-air meetings? But I had not time for discouragement. In an hour I had to meet my great class of rough lads, many of them costermongers. I duly met my class and held my meeting. Some of the older lads told me how sorry they were that they could not have been by my side to help me in the afternoon. The class was dismissed, when I noticed lingering behind a lad somewhat smaller than the rest and rather more raggedly dressed. In a sheep-faced kind of way he sidled up to where I stood. He was a stranger to me, and evidently quite a new-comer, but before I could have asked him a question he blurted out, 'I wouldn't have done it, sir, if I had know'd it was you.' 'What have you done?' I asked. 'Well, sir, it was a fine lark; but I'm glad you ain't hurt.' It dawned upon me that perhaps this was the young hero of the afternoon's discomfiture. 'What!' I said, sternly, 'are you Charlie Jackson?' 'My, sir!' and he started back, 'How did yer know it was me?' This was the beginning of a more intimate acquaintance. It was continued for many months, until at length I got to know all the circumstances of Charlie's life. They were, spite of his merriment and mischief, sad enough. However, it all ended in this, that my old assailant finally became an inmate of the Home, then in its infancy, at Stepney Causeway. Time fails me to tell all his history there, which, though uneventful in outward incident, was full of fruitful years. Suffice it to say that Charlie, when about sixteen years of age, became a true-hearted and earnest follower of Christ. He became possessed, too, of a consuming zeal for the conversion of others. His enthusiasm was simply contagious; it could not be resisted. He became a leading evangelist among his fellows. I think I had at one time in the Home as many as fifty boys, every one of whom, I venture to say, was a truly converted lad, who knew the power of the regenerating Spirit, and all of whom had been brought to a knowledge of Christ through the influence of Charlie Jackson's life and work among them.

It was his constant desire to go abroad

as a missionary. How to accomplish this end I knew not, for at that time there was much less facility than there is at the present time for placing out comparatively uneducated men in the mission field. But at last I succeeded in getting Charlie a situation as personal servant to a Christian officer, who took him to India. That officer was not on ordinary regimental duty, and lived almost wholly in the Madras Presidency. There he, being himself a very sincere Christian and a large-spirited man, lost no opportunity of bringing the Gospel before all whom he met, whether they were natives or English people of his own rank in life.

Under such a master and such auspices Charlie Jackson's usefulness increased more and more. I am sorry to say, however, that poor Charlie Jackson's usefulness was cut short, after about five years' residence in India, through typhoid fever. I was not surprised to find that his master mourned for him as for a brother in Christ and a fellow-laborer.

Power of the Word.

Mr. Spurgeon once told a story in connection with his friend, Mr. Brownlow North, the pleasure of whose friendship had been great to him in years past:

'Before conversion he was a thorough man of the world, and, I suppose, about as frivolous and dissipated as men of his station and character often are. After his conversion he began to preach the gospel with great fervor, and certain of his old companions were full of spite against him, probably considering him to be a hypocrite.

'One day when he was about to address a large congregation, a stranger passed him a letter, saying, 'Read that before you preach.' This letter contained a statement of certain irregularities of conduct committed by Brownlow North, and it ended with words to this effect, 'How dare you, being conscious of the truth of all the above, pray and speak to the people this evening when you are such a vile sinner?'

'The preacher put the letter into his pocket, entered the pulpit, and after prayer and praise, commenced his address to a very crowded congregation; but before speaking on his text, he produced the letter, and informed the people of its contents, and then added: "All that is here said is true, and it is a correct picture of the degraded sinner that I once was; and oh, how wonderful must be the grace that could quicken and raise me up from such a death in trespass and sins, and make me what I appear before you to-night, a vessel of mercy, one who knows that all his past sins have been cleansed away through the atoning blood of the Lamb of God! It is of his redeeming love that I have now to tell you, and to entreat any here who are not yet reconciled to God to come this night in faith to Jesus, that he may take their sins away and heal them."

'Thus instead of closing the preacher's mouth by this letter, the enemy's attempt only opened the hearts of the people; and the Word was with power.'—'Pacific Ensign.'

What to Teach Boys.

A philosopher has said that true education to boys is to 'teach them what they ought to know when they become men.'

1. To be true and to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true, genuine in intention and in action—rather than be learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things teach boys

that truth is more than riches, more than earthly power or possessions.

2. To be pure in thought, language, and life—pure in mind and in body.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, that an idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however poor or however rich—he has learned the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man.—'Parish Visitor.'

A Text for Every Day.

At Christodora House, No. 147 Avenue B, New York, it is the custom on Sabbath afternoons to give each girl and each child a little brown envelope in which are seven type-written texts and promises of God; one for every day in the week. These little packages of heavenly manna are carried through the week by girls whose parents would not allow a Bible to enter their doors. Indeed, one girl who has learned to love these texts, not long ago asked for a Bible and carried it home. It was promptly put into the fire by her mother, who refused to have the volume in the house. Small cash girls in the great stores; young women working in the factories; others going about their housework, live by these dear and beautiful fragments of God's Word. Every settlement worker has her little package of promises, too, and they are mailed to all our helpers in the different colleges, so that there are a great many people in different ranks of life and different occupations who day by day have the same text to cheer and help them.

It happened during the Christmas holidays that one little girl employed in a large Sixth avenue shop had the misfortune to break a glass. She said: 'When that glass fell and broke I knew that its cost was a dollar and a half, and I was so frightened that everything around me grew dark for a moment; I was faint. I said, "I can never afford to pay for that, and how shall I dare tell my mother?" Then my little text for the day came into my mind, "I will trust and not be afraid," and I remembered that God would take care of me and that he was able to do everything I needed. So I kept saying that over and over to myself, and by-and-by they sent for me to come to the desk, and they did not charge it. They said, "This is a very busy time, and the store is crowded, and you are generally careful, so we will not charge it against you." Then I knew that God had taken care of me.'

What are we to do unless we live always resting on the divine care, always leaning on the divine hand? Do not let us begin any day without a little love feast with the Word of God; do not let us go to sleep any night without a promise for our pillow.—Aunt Marjorie in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Aug. 25, Sun.—The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

Aug. 26, Mon.—Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Aug. 27, Tues.—The Lord is high unto them that are broken in heart.

Aug. 28, Wed.—The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants.

Aug. 29, Thur.—Trust in the Lord and do good.

Aug. 30, Fri.—Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him.

Aug. 31, Sat.—The meek shall inherit the earth and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

BOYS AND GIRLS



—'Band of Mercy.'

SOME OF OUR DOG FRIENDS.

Lucy's Child.

(By Elizabeth A. S. Chester, in 'The Independent'.)

At four o'clock the morning after Thanksgiving the cock but lately most insignificant in all Esquire Coverly's barn-yard walks rose and crowed shrilly, crowed exultantly, defiantly. Did not the plumed crests of his late proud rivals lie cold, silent, and blood-bedabbled by the chopping-block in the back yard.

'By my might and by my power have I gotten to myself all this roost dominion!' crowed the self-deluded chanticleer, and through the cool morning dusk, that but a week ago had been joyously vocal, came no response, until, at last, faint and far and feeble, the voice of Deacon Rossiter's little bantam rejoined: 'I still live! I still live!'

At five o'clock Miss Harriet Coverly rose upon one elbow, and, rapping on the wall at the head of her bed, called: 'Jo-nas!'

No response.

'Jo-nas!' Profound silence. 'Jo-nas! It's time to get up and start the fire!'

At six o'clock the odor of steamed chicken pie arose upon the air. At seven o'clock the long table, formed of two square tables and the 'extra leaf,' made for Miss Harriet by the neighborhood carpenter and paid for in pie-apples (Miss Harriet, like all the Coverlys, was of a frugal mind)—this long table was set and the family began gathering.

'Oh, Aunt Hattie, why couldn't you have let us sleep this morning!' ejaculated Mabel Coverly, a handsome blonde, as she folded her fair hands wearily within the lace-bordered sleeves of her cashmere wrapper.

'Sister Harriet considers it a religious duty to rise at five o'clock,' said elegant, bright-eyed Sister Van Alnstyne.

'Five o'clock!' cried Dick Wentworth, a Harvard undergraduate. 'I heard her at two this morning reproving Jonas for his sloth.'

'I pity Jonas!' said Miss Mabel, aside.

'Phlegmatic temperament—He'll stand it,' replied Dick.

'When we all come visiting you ought to indulge us a little, Auntie,' pursued Mabel.

'Have you any idea of what time it is now, Mabel? Just look at that clock,' said Aunt Harriet, tragically pointing at the hands, which indicated five minutes past seven. 'If you are all going to Brother John's, you ought to have been ready to start this minute.'

'What is there to do or to see at Uncle John's, that we should start at such an unearthly hour?' queried Dick.

'What? Why—why, you want to start early anyway, you know.'

'Sister Harriet feels that these family reunions are the only occasions upon which

we can see illustrated the one only orthodox way of virtue and road to prosperity—getting an early start in the morning!' said the Honorable Charles.

'Brother Charles, you know how you were brought up,' said Miss Harriet, in a tone of mingled reproof, admonition, and pride. 'Pa never tolerated laziness in his boys. Brother Van Alnstyne, be so kind as to move that chair a little. Father is coming.'

After the venerable Squire had taken his seat, the family bowed their heads for the patriarchal grace. Miss Harriet, however, bestowed one glance backward, to see that the door into the kitchen was closed, a second sideways, to make sure the coffee-pot cover was down tight, then, folded her hands, and dropped her chin, to return thanks in spirit, if not verbally, that finally she had 'got them all up and down to the table.'

No sooner had the Squire put a period to his mumbled, and rather unintelligible grace with a loud and somewhat explosive amen than Miss Harriet resumed temporal discourse.

'I'm sure I don't know how you're all to be got over. John will come with his double-seated waggon; but our chaise won't hold more than five. I had engaged Mr. Daly to take over a load; but he has just sent word his wife's uncle is to be buried and he must attend the funeral. Dick, you and Harry have young legs; you can walk. Father says he shan't go; and I shan't start till toward eleven, when maybe I can catch a ride.'

'You need make no provision for me, Sister Harriet,' said the Hon. Charles Coverly. 'I think I shall go around by Brother Hugh's and call.'

Instantly a spark of excitement gleamed in Sister Harriet's eye, and she handed Dick Wentworth's coffee to Mr. Daly's daughter, the maid of the occasion, with an air of vexation speedily changed to one of determination.

'Well, Brother Charles, I can't tell what kind of a place you'll find, nor whether there'll be a decent chair to sit down upon; but I'm sure if there isn't 'tisn't my fault. I've talked to that boy the best I knew. I've told him over and over again that he ought to have a good, reliable housekeeper. No matter if it did cost three dollars and a half a week, he could afford it. I've offered to go over and superintend Mrs. Daly when she clears up for him, in order to save the credit of the family, I've even taken him here to board, though my back is that weak now the doctor says if I don't stop work I am liable to become a helpless invalid; but the truth is, Hugh is so terribly tight he isn't willing to pay anything reasonable either for help or for board. That's just exactly as 'tis!'

Miss Harriet looked around the board defiantly. Everybody else appeared calm.

'I'm sure, Sister Harriet, no one who knows Brother Hugh's circumstances, can blame you,' said Sister Emeline Wentworth, soothingly. 'Hugh always was eccentric.'

'Anybody but Hugh would have come over yesterday and taken Thanksgiving dinner with his brothers and sisters, like a man,' said Brother Joseph Coverly, of the New York firm of Coverly & Packard.

'Hugh and Lucy always were the black sheep of our family,' said Sister Van Alnstyne, lightly.

'No, Sister Van Alnstyne,' said Miss Harriet, decidedly. 'I don't admit there were any black sheep in our family. Hugh and Lucy were odd, very odd; but no one can truthfully say a word against Hugh's moral character, and Lucy's worst trait was her self-will. She would marry that miserable Judd, and she didn't live a year. We told her—'

A sudden hush. All seemed simultaneously aware that, for the first time in the family history, Lucy's child was present at their reunion.

'Brother Charles, please to pass the bread,' said Miss Harriet, mildly.

'Lucy's child,' who was a slender girl of sixteen years, sat at the foot of the table, her plate on the 'extra leaf.' Dick Wentworth, who was on one side of her, at this juncture, kindly pressed her to take some tomato Chowder, and Miss Mabel Coverly hastened to assure her that, if she had never been to Uncle John's, she would enjoy the ride over exceedingly.

Miss Harriet had sent Lucy's child a special invitation to this Thanksgiving, accompanied by railway tickets, and the girl had anticipated the visit every hour, until on Wednesday afternoon she had found herself at the Coverly depot, amid a multitude of strange relatives, whose glad greetings to each other made her feel extremely lonely, and whose rich furs and soft silks contrasted with her cotton-mixed garments as strongly as did their manners of ease and elegance with her embarrassment. Upon learning her identity, they had treated her with extreme kindness, and had so openly endeavored to put her at ease as to unintentionally wound her self-love and render her self-conscious, confused, and miserable; yet all the time she was inwardly self-assertive and angry with herself. Why should she feel inferior to the cousins? Had not the principal of the High School said she was his most promising pupil? hadn't she taken the Latin-essay prize before any of the boys? and was she not prepared in Greek and mathematics, as well as Latin, for admission to Welleston College, where Mabel Coverly had taken the prize, of which the family were so proud?

The old Squire, whose attention had not followed that of the remainder of the family, took up the conversation: 'You must be sure and see Hugh's herd of Herefords, Charles. Every one else round here who keeps thoroughbreds prefers Durhams; but Hugh never wants to be like anyone else, so he raises Herefords, and he has some beauties.'

'Well,' said Sister Harriet, looking around the table the instant Dick Wentworth laid down his fork. 'If you are all through, we'll go right into the other room and have prayers. You had better read a short chapter, pa, for it's about time they started.'

Not until half-past eight, however, did the conveyances that were to take the party to Brother John's appear.

'I didn't know what had happened, you were so late,' said Miss Harriet, coming briskly down the walk to the gate, with a shawl over her head. 'I thought some of the children must be sick. Perhaps Lucy's child had better wait, and go over with me by and by.'

'Oh! yes, indeed, I'd much rather wait. I don't care to go at all,' cried Lucy's child, relieved at a prospect of escape.

There were more gay young cousins who had gone home with Uncle John after the Thanksgiving dinner, and Lucette dreaded mingling with them. The more there was the more distraught she felt.

'Plenty of room, plenty of room. Three teams, you see,' said Uncle John.

'Come right up here beside me, Cousin Lucy,' called Mabel Coverly, who had already taken a seat.

Lucette persistently refused, thereby confirming Aunt Van Alnstyne in the opinion, that morning expressed, in a private conclave of the sisters upstairs in the bedding closet, that Lucy's child's disposition was soured.

'John's wife sent over for some sage for her stuffing,' said Aunt Harriet; 'and there's a little sweet marjoram in there with the sage,' continued she, pushing a small paper bag into Sister Van Alnstyne's hand.

The elegant Sister Van Alnstyne received the herbs with a hesitating, puzzled, deprecatory air, that elicited some witticisms from Mabel and Dick Wentworth; and, under cover of the laugh, Lucy's child escaped into the house.

'Tell John's wife I'll be over in time to help set the table,' cried Miss Harriet, after the last retreating vehicle. 'And tell her not to do anything about her gravies until I come.'

Lucy's child had retired within the sitting-room bay window, behind the cretonne curtains (copy-plate Miss Harriet called cretonne). The window was crowded with plants—in fact, had been thrown out solely to accommodate Miss Harriet's plants—and Lucette sat beneath a hanging-basket of oxallias, which occasionally dripped from Miss Harriet's hasty and rather too profuse morning watering. Mabel had left 'Daniel Deronda' amid the plants. 'Daniel Deronda' was at this time a new book, and Lucette had never found it in the public library. She had scarcely become interested before Squire Coverly and the Hon. Charles entered the sitting-room. Peeping between the thick, dark curtains, Lucy's child saw her grandfather approach 'the desk.'

'The desk' was a piece of cherry furniture, with a lid closed at an angle, above drawers with brass handles. Great was the Coverly veneration for 'the desk.' Even Miss Harriet regarded it with awe, as a kind of arcanum of the family temple, and, though she carried in her head a minute schedule of her father's assets, knew the exact amount of his government four-percents, the pecuniary standing of all endorsers of notes-of-hand, and the boundaries of real-estate

mortgages, she derived her information rather from occasional inquiries and attentive presence during her father's business interviews than from any profane intermeddling with the contents of 'the desk.'

'I want you to just look over those papers of mine against Tyler,' said the old gentleman. 'Push & Plead took on an execution; but Tyler's son got a writ of replevin. There's other stock the old man is trying to cover up. I've got a copy of a bill of sale, dated the very day I brought suit.'

Having unlocked the desk, the Squire drew forth a second key, which unlocked two or three interior drawers. 'Here are my certificates of Boston & Albany stock. It's about time for another dividend of the New York Central. I got rid of my Michigan Southern quite fortunately.' Didn't I, Charles? There's my Lake Superior Copper. Wish I had more of it. I tell you what 'tis, though, Charles: I ain't going to take much more mining or railway stock. When business is as good as it is now and is likely to be in this town, there ain't anything better than six-percent loans, with real estate first mortgages, no taxes, no insurance. There's my Aetna Life insurance stock certificate. There's my government four-percents. Quite a pile of them, ain't there, Charles? Here's my notes. There ain't a bad note in that package, Charles, and they all know I'm particular about the interest being paid promptly. Better for the holder and better for the giver. That's my principle.'

Lucette's attention became absorbed in her book, and when she again looked forth Uncle Charles had started out upon his walk around by Brother Hugh's and Grandfather Coverly was closing the desk. Presently the latter left the room, and from a distance, through the open doors of dining-room and kitchen, Lucette heard the old gentleman's voice in shrill, quavering astonishment and reproof.

'Harri't! Harri't! what does this mean?'

Miss Harriet stepped briskly onto the scene.

'I should say so myself! Good wheat bread in the chickens' dish! That's some of your work, Clarinda Daly. No wonder your folks are always poor, throwing away wheat flour like that. Haxall, too, at nine dollars a barrel. We can't afford to keep our chickens on broken pieces.'

Whatever defense Clarinda might have made for her extravagance was lost, for Miss Harriet followed the Squire into the sitting-room, bringing with her a tin pan and a bag of cranberries, which she proceeded to empty by handfuls into the pan.

'Now, pa, I want to know what we are going to do about Lucy's child?'

'Lucy's child,' hidden behind the curtains, felt her heart quickened by fear. Miss Harriet's tones seemed to indicate that punishment was about to be meted out to her; perhaps for her awkwardness.

'Lucy's child? Why, she seems to be well enough,' replied the Squire.

'No one in the family said or did more against Lucy's marrying that shiftless Judd than I, but she would have him and it turned out just as I expected; but now here's the child, and she belongs to our family, and we ought to take an interest in her. Mabel says she's prepared to enter Welles-ton College and is anxious to go and fit for a teacher. Emmeline, Elizabeth and I were talking about it upstairs, this morning, when we were looking over the bedding, and we decided that if you were a-mind to send her to Welles-ton, and take the expense out of what would have been her mother's portion, it would be the best thing that could be done for her.'

'Harriet,' said the old gentleman, dra-

matically. 'Charles told me himself it cost a thousand a year to send Mabel through Welles-ton.'

'Oh, well, of course, Lucy's child wouldn't go in the style of Mabel or of Kitty and Flora Van Alnstyne. Mabel says there are plenty of girls fitting for teachers who go in a plain, respectable manner for three or four hundred a year, and after graduation they command salaries of from six to fifteen hundred. She might pay you back in time.'

Oh! Aunt Harriet! Lucy's child could have fallen upon her knees and kissed your feet for gratitude, but excess of surprise and joy held her silent.

'We should not only feel that we had done our duty toward the child,' continued Aunt Harriet; 'but we need have no fear of her making any one of whom the family would be ashamed. Teaching is always respectable.'

'Better not be a teacher,' replied the Squire, shaking his head. 'She might break down in health, Harriet, and then who would she fall back upon? If she wishes to be a teacher, though,' added the old gentleman, eagerly seizing a scheme that might bear the aspect of benevolence without the disadvantages of direct tangible draft upon the contents of the desk, 'let her take the school in the Long Hill district this winter, and board at Hugh's and do chores for her board. If she proved a good teacher and was studious, modest, persevering, and saved her wages, why, maybe I might help her some.'

'It would be well to find out whether she has the teaching faculty before spending much money on her, that's a fact,' replied prudent Miss Harriet; 'but there's no calculating on Hugh. Hugh is tight as the bark of a tree. If there's anyone, though, who ought to help, it's Hugh. He and Lucy always worked together, and worked against me. He was the only one who encouraged Lucy to marry Judd. He did it just out of spite, because all the rest of us disapproved of it.'

Miss Harriet went out with her cranberries; and Lucette, having laid aside her book, which had lost all interest, unperceived by her grandfather, slipped upstairs after her hat and sacque.

Grandfather Coverly's unwillingness to assume the expenses of her education depressed her less than Aunt Harriet's proposition had elated her. The simple fact that Aunt Harriet approved of her going to Welles-ton was full of encouragement. She felt determined that whatever might depend upon her own 'modesty, perseverance, and economy,' should not be lacking. She intended to go directly to see this strange Uncle Hugh, who, according to the family testimony, had held most affinity with her mother. Perhaps she herself should propose boarding with him and teaching the Long Hill school.

'I'm glad you're ready,' said Aunt Harriet, as Lucette came down with wraps on. 'John has sent his hired man back for us; and it's well he has, for these cranberries have got to be stewed for the dinner, and it's much as ever there'll be time for them to cool now.'

'I'm not going to Uncle John's, Aunt Harriet. Will you please direct me to Uncle Hugh's?'

Aunt Harriet gave her a sharp, suspicious glance. 'Were you where you overheard what your grandfather and I have been talking about?'

'Yes, I was, Aunt Harriet. I was in the bay window. I was so surprised and anxious in regard to what you were saying that I did not realize I ought not to hear until it was all said.'

Aunt Harriet was silent for a minute, when she severely remarked: 'If your grand-

father knew you were a listener, he'd never forgive you. Never!"

Lucette began to protest, but Aunt Harriet interrupted. "You can ride part of the way toward Hugh's; so get into the wagon."

Aunt Harriet said no more; but she bore herself so frigidly as to make Lucette feel that she had already proved 'a disgrace to the family.'

'Here is the road,' observed Miss Harriet, as the team reached a fork. "That new house, the chimney of which you see between the hills, is Hugh's."

The house was set further back from the highway than is usual with New England farm-houses, as if its owner coveted seclusion. As Lucette neared it, she saw beneath the cool November sunlight the portly figure of Mr. Charles Coverly, whom as yet it seemed unwarrantable familiarity to call uncle, walking away over the brown road. Aunt Harriet's displeasure had produced a decided reaction in Lucette's feelings, and the sight of Mr. Coverly going off to the happy family party intensified her realization of how little she possessed in common with her nearest relatives and deepened her depression.

The earth thrown out from the cellar of the new house had not been smoothed away, and it formed an embankment, suggesting the idea that the occupant wished to fortify himself against intruders. The path leading over this embankment descended precipitously to an open door. Within a lathed but unplastered room a man, with his face in his hands and his elbows on his knees, sat as if in profound study. He looked up as Lucette's foot touched the threshold, and his countenance bore beneath present surprise and resentment marks of habitual jealousy and obstinacy.

'I'm Lucy's child, Uncle Hugh,' quickly explained the girl.

Then her overstrained sensibilities gave way, and, breaking into a sob, she turned toward the doorway. When she again met her uncle's eyes, she was surprised to discern their moisture. Sympathy and curiosity had evidently replaced surprise and anger.

'Sit down—that is, if you can find a chair. Charles has just left it. You've been up to Thanksgiving, I calculate?'

'Yes, and I can't tell you, Uncle Hugh, how pleased I was when I received the invitation and the railway tickets, nor how disappointed I've been. No one is to blame for my disappointment, either. The cousins have been very, very kind; but it has seemed as if they were trying to make me feel like one of them, when, after all, everybody knew I wasn't. Then it seems all the time as if the aunts were studying me, and making remarks and deciding upon me behind my back. They call me "Lucy's child," as if, in some way, Lucy had no right to have a child.'

'I'll warrant it,' said Uncle Hugh, with a half-malicious gleam in his eye, 'and I suppose Harri't has been dictating to you. Did she tell you to come up here?'

'No, she wished me to go to Uncle John's; but I wanted to see you.'

'You did?' he said, eagerly, and with a relaxation of the muscles of his face that might by courtesy be called a smile. 'And you came in spite of her? Well, I wish it looked pleasanter here. I was going to have had my house plastered last spring; but Harriet began planning for me when I should have it done, and I made up my mind I wouldn't have these rooms plastered until I got ready. I want that girl to learn it's no use trying to boss me. She's always been at it, and she's never made out much yet. She hectorated your mother all her days.'

'Tell me about my mother, Uncle Hugh.'

'She was the best of the lot, though she was rather wilful. We ain't a lamblike set, anyway. If I needed a dollar and your mother had one, she was always ready to lend me hers; but Harri't was always close—tight as the bark of a tree. Emmeline is a selfish thing; and Lib is proud, proud as Lucifer. If it didn't cost so plaguesdly, I'd like to go down to New York in my old duds, just to mortify her. Van Alstyne is worth a big pile; but he is an aristocratic old brag. Charles undertook givin' me a lecture because I didn't go to the dinner yesterday. I s'pose I be odd; but I reckon I can take care o' myself, without any o' their help. I shan't come on the town this year, neither.'

The grim smile with which he accompanied the last remark gave it the effect of severe irony.

It did occur to Lucy's child that Uncle Hugh's disposition might not be the best in the world. She didn't perhaps, understand that the strong individuality, which in other members of the family had been restrained and modified by contact with the world, developed in Uncle Hugh into a very unlovely eccentricity.

You and I seem situated much alike, Uncle Hugh,' said she. 'We can't either of us feel as if we were one of the family, and we don't seem to have any one to love us. I did have a sweet little half-sister; but she died. The other children are boys, and they are rather rough. I don't think my step-mother has the best of government. Father intends to be kind to me; but he's sometimes irritable when he's out of employment, and—and—I wouldn't have Aunt Harriet know it for the world, Uncle Hugh, but,' bending near her uncle's ear, and speaking in a tragic whisper, 'sometimes he—drinks!'

Uncle Hugh, however, was not of a sentimental mind. If his youth had ever known any yearning for affection, the sense of want had long before been filled by the less exacting, more tangible form of money at interest at six percent and profits accruing on thoroughbred Herefords. While Lucy's child was speaking he had been studying her features, quite oblivious to what she was saying, and, after she ceased, he broke silence with:

'Well, you do look more like the Judds than the Coverlys; that's a fact.' Then, partially arousing himself and looking around, 'you ought to have some dinner. I've got the handsomest baked turkey in the pantry that ever you set eyes on. I got him browned so beautifully yesterday I um I hated to put a knife to the critter, so I saved him; but we'll have him to-day.'

Uncle Hugh brought forward a variety of vegetables, which he was abundantly able to cook himself. Lucy's child, who set the table, found in the pantry excellent bread, which Uncle Hugh had bought of a neighbor; and, though there was no pastry, the best of pears, grapes and apples, made an ample and acceptable desert.

'I haven't enjoyed a meal so well since I came from home, Uncle Hugh,' said Lucette, at its close. 'How should you like me to teach the Long Hill school the coming winter and board with you?'

Uncle Hugh's countenance, which had grown temporarily amiable, underwent a change.

'Did Harri't put that idee into your head?'

'I overheard her suggest it to Grandpa,' reluctantly admitted Lucy's child.

'I'd thank that girl to let my affairs alone. When I want any of her advice, I can call for it. No woman is goin' to domineer over me. If I was a-mind to hire you and pay you five dollars a week 'twouldn't be any of Harriet's business.'

Lucette's imagination leaped with the hope that Uncle Hugh was about to make this generous proposal; but not another word was said upon the subject.

After clearing away the dinner and tidying up the room, she was about leaving, when Uncle Hugh, with an air of great importance, withdrew, and, on his return, with nervous tremulousness of hand, thrust something wrapped in silver paper into Lucy's child's hand.

'Take that!' said he. 'Harri't says I never give anybody anything; but that's a silver spoon my Hereford heifer, Jessy, took as premium at the last Agricult'ral Fair!'

'Oh, Uncle Hugh!' cried Lucy's child, as she threw her arms around his neck, and kissed the weather-beaten face. 'I don't care half as much for the spoon as that you care enough for me to give it to me.'

'Go 'long now,' said he, giving her a gentle push. 'Go 'long and be a good girl. I say,' called he, as she neared the gate, 'If you're a-mind to, you might, kinder accidental, as 'twere, let Harri't see that spoon.'

As she walked along the level highway, looking backward in the gathering November dusk, she felt sure she saw eccentric Uncle Hugh standing in the door, watching her.

The family party dispersed on Saturday.

'I inquired about the Long Hill school, and found a teacher was engaged. School commences on Monday,' said Aunt Harriet, at parting.

'I shall write you, Cousin Lucy,' said Mabel Coverly; 'and if you don't reply I shall feel quite wounded.'

All the aunts, uncles, and cousins bade her good-bye very kindly; too kindly—too much as if she wasn't 'one of them.'

Some of the relatives passed through the inland city where Lucy's child had her home, and it was but a few minutes after parting with the gay cousins before she had taken up her colorless life in the dingy, little wooden tenement off Asbury Park.

Asbury Park was a recent city purchase, and had, as yet, notwithstanding its new, aristocratic name, lost none of its old characteristics of abandoned lumber-yard. It seemed to Lucy's child that the wild worm-wood gone to seed in the corners looked even more than usually melancholy, and the old tomato cans in the weeds reflected the brilliant sunlight with an irony that gave her a sickening sense of depression.

For six months she clung desperately to the hope that the teacher in the Long Hill school would resign, or that Uncle Hugh would send for her to keep his house, even if at less hyperbolic wages than he had mentioned. Meanwhile her father grew more irritable; her step-mother louder and more querulous; and the half-brothers, notwithstanding her conscientious, prayerful labors with them, rougher and more saucy. She had just begun teaching in a kindergarten with wages just sufficient to pay for her board and the plainest of clothing, and the evening before Thanksgiving had come around again, when she took up the daily paper and read:

'At Coverlyfield, Nov. 24th, Hugh Coverly, aged 53. Funeral at the residence of his father, Esquire Coverly, at 10 a.m., Thursday, Nov. 27th. Relatives and friends invited.'

'I am a relative and a friend, she exclaimed, after her first cry of surprise, 'and I shall go up to Uncle Hugh's funeral, though I never again visit Coverlyfield.'

The earliest train from the city did not reach Coverlyfield until after ten o'clock. The mourners had just returned from the funeral. Mabel Coverly met Lucette in the hall, and took her to the front chamber, where Aunt Emmeline Wentworth, Aunt

Elizabeth Van Alnstyne, and Aunt Harriet were just removing their black kids. Their long crepe veils, their fine plain cashmere dresses and shawls were exactly alike, and tended to convey the impression that amid the three sisters was no unpleasant rivalry of grief.

'Well,' said Sister Wentworth, disposing herself in the only easy-chair in the room, 'it's the first death there has been in the family for years. We can't tell whose turn will be next nor how soon the messenger will come.'

'If it was all to be gone over again, I don't know of anything I could wish different. The services were all appropriate and the music was really beautiful,' said Sister Van Alnstyne, tugging at her last glove. Sister Van Alnstyne wore a size smaller than Emmeline and Harriet.

'And to think how poor Brother Hugh changed in his last days!' said Sister Harriet, applying a deeply black-bordered handkerchief to eyes honestly red with weeping. 'He never spoke an impatient word, and he said to me again and again: "You'll wear yourself clean out, Harriet, taking care of me." He gave me all his premium silver, and there was a great deal of it. You might not value so many odd pieces, Elizabeth — everything by the dozen as you have; but I was extremely glad of it. I took possession and brought it right home; so that can't be reckoned into the estate,' continued thrifty Sister Harriet.

The Hon. Charles Coverly just then looked in at the door. 'A member of the firm of Push & Plead has just come up, and wishes to read the will, so you better all come down to the parlor,' announced he.

'Come,' said Mabel, offering a hand to Lucette, who lingered after the aunts had left. 'I am going and you must go.'

Lucy found a seat in a remote corner, between Mabel Coverly and Dick Wentworth. She felt even more de trop than when, the year previous, she sat between those two individuals, her plate on Aunt Harriet's 'extra leaf.'

Uncle Hugh's will was short. It was dated on the last day of the preceding November. It ran something as follows:

'To my revered father, Gideon Coverly, I give and bequeath my herd of Herefords and all other live stock of which I may die possessed, with the exception of my horse, Leo, and my dog, Watch; said live stock to be kept on my farm without charge such time as said Gideon shall elect, not to exceed five years.'

'To my brother Charles I give and bequeath my horse, Leo, and my dog, Watch; and to the remainder of my brothers and sisters individually, and to each and all my nephews and nieces' (here followed names) 'I give and bequeath the sum of five dollars each.'

'To my niece, Lucette Judd, daughter of my beloved sister, Lucy Coverly Judd, her heirs and assigns forever, I give and bequeath all my real estate, all my bonds, stocks, notes, and whatever other personal property I may die possessed, with the exception of such properties as I have above devised; the real estate to remain in the hands of trustees for the use and behoof of my said niece, but not to be conveyed away for a term of five years.'

Mabel grasped Lucy's child's hand, Dick pinched her.

Aunt Harriet was the first to break the oppressive silence:

'Well! I don't know how the rest of you may feel,' said that lady, firmly; 'but Brother Hugh could scarcely have made a will that would have given me greater satisfaction. I've always felt that something ought to be done for Lucy's child. Our

family are all in comfortable circumstances; and, though provision for the second generation may not in all cases be as ample as Brother Hugh's for Lucy's child, yet none of them are likely to come to want, nor, so far as I know, to prove a disgrace to the family.'

A subdued but general murmur of assent from the relatives followed.

The Hon. Charles Coverly, who had been appointed executor of the will and one of the trustees, crossed the room and reached a congratulatory hand down to where Lucy's child was shrinking behind Mabel's satin de Lyons flounces.

The remainder of the relatives pressed around, proffering congratulations with cheerfulness and resignation, bred of the reflection that they had all been cut off alike and the property given to one who might be called a family neutral.

'What a mash you've got on 'em all, anyway!' whispered Dick.

'As papa is your guardian, you shall make your home with us, Cousin,' said Mabel, continuing to squeeze her hand.

And 'Lucy's child' felt that, at length, she was 'one of the family.'

Helen's Church Home.

(Mary Rowles Jarvis, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

It was a sultry Sabbath morning in September. All over the land the bells were calling the worshippers to prayer. Helen Mendon thought of this as she walked down the city street. The night before she had looked up at the stars and thought that her mother would be watching the same stars. To-day she felt she could almost hear the sound of the village church bell among the many chiming, pealing sounds that rang out through the air. Near at hand she found one of the great city churches. It was the only one of the denomination to which she belonged that was near. She paused a moment before entering. Should she, could she find a real church home in this great congregation?

She was met by an usher whose manner was most dignified, courteous and kindly. As she passed up the aisle she felt rather than saw the beauty about her. The church was filled with soft light from a window which great artists could admire. The organ was playing, the cadences now falling now rising, as if to lift the thoughts on the wings of prayer. Helen bent her head. She was in her Father's house. Surely she could not be lonely here. Suddenly there was a burst of music. The choir was singing the Te Deum:

'All the earth doth worship Thee,
The Father everlasting.'

There may have been those about her who scarcely noticed the words of praise, but to Helen it seemed that they all felt just as she did.

'Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.'

She had once stood alone in a great forest, once she had been on the top of a mountain and had seen the clouds below her rolling upward to greet the rising sun. She had thought these times of the majesty of His glory. Now, in the midst of this great congregation, more wonderful and precious to God than forest and cloud and mountain, she had the same feeling. She became a part of the service, and no one there received a greater blessing than this stranger who sat quiet and unnoticed.

When the service was over she found her way to the Sabbath-school room, and took her place on the visitors' bench near the door. All was bustle and confusion. The public schools had opened and the pupils

who had been away for the summer had returned. They poured into the room, and the place seemed to be in a glow of welcome. Unfortunately the teachers had not all returned, and the superintendents were hurrying about trying to supply the classes with substitutes. One of the superintendents saw Helen, and turned to her appealingly. Her ready response must have pleased him, for he looked relieved. She was very glad to be able to help, and as she passed out at the close of school, though she was lost in the crowd and no one knew her and no one spoke to her, she did not mind it. How were they to know that she was a stranger, and had no friend in all that great city?

The next week was a busy one for Helen. She had to become acquainted with her work. She had secured the position through a friend, and she determined to fill it creditably. By Saturday night she was very tired, but Sunday morning found her again at church, and again the superintendent was glad of her help in the Sunday-school.

In time she was given a class of boys. They had been accustomed to having a very good time. They could think of more mischief and plan more surprises than Helen could have believed possible. She was afraid she had undertaken too much. She had told the superintendent that she would not be able to visit the members of her class as she had so little time, and she did not know the city. However, she had not had the class long before she decided that she must know more about those boys. She must find out about their homes and the influences which surrounded them before she could know how to deal with them.

She had their addresses in her class book, and on the first half-holiday she started out to make the calls. The mothers were glad to see her, and the boys appreciated the attention. Most of them were common-place people, honest, sensible and pleasant. When she came to the last name on the list she was surprised to find herself before a large, handsome dwelling. She was uncertain whether or not she should make the call, but, of course, there was nothing else to be done.

She rang the bell and was admitted with some ceremony by a servant, and was shown into a large reception room. She had explained in giving her name that she was Charlie's Sunday-school teacher, and now she sat almost wishing that Mrs. Slocum would be engaged or too busy to see her. To her surprise she was not kept waiting, but was graciously welcomed by a lady who was a leader in society, not so much on account of her wealth as of her charming manner. She was beautiful, accomplished and tactful. More than that, there was something very sincere and womanly about her. She was pleased that Helen had taken so much interest in her boy. When she found that Helen was a stranger in the city, and had taken up this work so quickly, she admired the girl and showed interest and sympathy.

'I am expecting a great deal from you,' she said, gently. 'I have never been very religious myself, but more than anything else I want Charlie to grow up to be a good man. I have seen so many boys start out with everything in their favor, and then go the wrong way. I have almost decided that the only thing which is sure to keep a young man safe is strong religious convictions.'

Mrs. Slocum's face glowed with a mother love which is common to the rich and poor. In her eyes was a longing which touched Helen deeply. She knew that this woman who seemed to live for pleasure would gladly give up all her wealth and prestige for love of her son. She longed to bring to her a comforting message, to tell her of the love

of the Father who had given up so much for her. In her simplicity Helen was quite as tactful as this woman of the world. She said little, but in a few words she expressed so much love and trust and peace that Mrs. Slocum wanted to hear more. Helen would joyfully, at any time, have visited and cared for the poor. On this afternoon, almost without her willing it, she had touched a life whose influence would reach farther than can be estimated. She had found one who, with all her riches, was poor.

In time Helen came to know that she had an influence over the boys in her class. They were so much to her. She would have been lonely, indeed, if she had not had them to think of and plan for. Several years later her love and devotion were rewarded. Charlie Slocum and his mother stood side by side one Sabbath morning and were received into the church. The other members of the class, with one exception, chose the right way. This one is straying far, but at some time he, too, may return like the lost sheep, because he knows the Master's voice.

But to return to Helen, the new teacher. She had had her class for almost a year when one day she noticed a bright-faced girl who was substituting in a class near her. Their eyes happened to meet, and they smiled. They passed out together, and the young lady said in a cheery voice, 'I don't dare to ask you if you are a stranger. I once asked a lady that question and she said she had been a member of this church for fifteen years.'

Helen laughed. 'I have been here almost a year,' she said. 'My friends are few, but mighty,' with a merry twinkle towards the boys who were passing out. 'We are part of a great work, are we not?' she asked, looking with pride about her.

'Yes,' said the other, 'but you should know more of your fellow-workers. Do you ever go to the young people's meetings?'

'No,' said Helen. 'You see,' she explained, 'I am alone in the city—'

'I should like to have you go once, at any rate. May we not call for you Tuesday evening?'

Helen enjoyed the meeting very much. She felt almost as if she had been at home. In the social intercourse which followed the services she found that there were several parties of young people who passed her boarding place in going to and from the church. They would be glad to have her join them. She soon came into closer touch with the work of the church. She heard about their mission-school and hospital work, and was interested, though she had little time to give.

One day, as she was passing from the church she walked by the side of a young woman who looked discontented and unhappy.

'Good morning,' was Helen's cheery greeting. 'Perhaps you are a stranger.'

'Yes and no,' replied the other. 'It's beautiful,' she added, looking about her, 'a beautiful refrigerator.'

Helen must have looked shocked, but the girl laughed rather bitterly. 'You see,' she said, 'I have been a member of this church for two years. For two years I have come to church regularly, Sunday after Sunday. The pastor has called on me twice. I was out both times. No one else has ever spoken to me. I am as much a stranger as the day I first came.'

'It is hard to speak to strangers,' said Helen, gently. 'Don't you think so?'

Now, it had never occurred to her companion to do such a thing. Perhaps, after all, there were those about her who were more recent comers than she

'You have lived here a long time?' asked the girl.

'More than a year,' Helen replied. 'My home is in the country.'

'And you feel at home here?' asked the other, in surprise.

'If it were not for my church home I should be very, very lonely,' said Helen.

'I can't understand it,' was the response. 'In this well-dressed congregation, which comes every Sunday to be preached at, and then goes away to forget what has been said—how can you find anything helpful and inspiring?'

'Look below you,' said Helen, as they stood by the gallery-railing. 'What a multitude! Shall we call them heartless because they pass by without knowing us? It may be that no one there has a happier lot than you and I. See that sad-faced old lady? I wonder if her heart is breaking over sorrows of which we know nothing? Do you notice that gentle little girl in the shabby gown, who is looking our way? Does she think we are curious and are staring at her? Poor child! I do not think her path is an easy one.'

'You make me feel ashamed,' said the young lady. 'I have thought only of myself, I am afraid.'

'I can appreciate your feelings,' said Helen, with a pleasant smile, 'but you really must not misjudge the church. You have no idea what a tremendous amount of good is done here. The right hand is very busy doing things the left hand doesn't know about—unless the left hand is very wide awake.'

'I mean to waken up,' said the girl, laughing, 'and the next time I meet you I think that I, too, shall have a church home.'

(Mary E. Hallock, in 'Advocate and Guardian.')

Bessie's Illness.

(By M. F. Foster-Comegys, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Bessie, coming in from out-door play, stopped at the door of the kitchen just in time to see mamma start upstairs with a tray, on which was arranged a dainty dinner for her sister.

For three weeks poor Aunt Carrie had been very ill with fever, with doctors coming at all hours of day and night. But now she was getting well and could sit up in a large chair with a great many pillows. She was thin and pale, and not strong enough even to stand up.

Bessie was an only child, and during these weeks of suffering for her aunt, and anxiety and watching for her mother, the little girl had been rather neglected, she thought. She was thinking now that mother never once enquired if she were ready for her lunch, but was all attention to Aunt Carrie, who sipped the broth slowly, and could not even cut her own meat.

How very inviting the little dishes looked on the pretty tray, and oh, how good the broiled chicken and young asparagus smelt!

Bess crept to the arm of the big chair and gazed at every morsel her aunt took.

'Run away, dear,' said mamma; 'sick folks don't like to be watched when they lunch.'

This was said with a kiss, and Aunt Carrie smiled lovingly on the rosy little face; but Bessie, in her heart was angry and indignant. In all her spoiled little life she had never been told to 'run away' and 'keep quiet, dear,' as much as for the last month.

She went slowly to the door, where she stopped and said: 'I'm sick, mamma; I b'lieve I'm going to die.'

She saw mamma and Aunt Carrie ex-

change glances, and then mamma went quickly to her, and putting her arm around her, asked. 'Where do you hurt, dear?'

For a minute Bessie had to think. Then she put her hand on her arm, and said quite cheerfully: 'Right here; it's a norful pain.'

Mamma thought she had better lie down, and Aunt Carrie loaned her cologne, which she said helped her to get well, and mamma rubbed her head.

'I—I guess I'm hungry,' the invalid announced later, after she had grown worse and had been regularly put to bed. She glanced longingly at Aunt Carrie's tray as she spoke.

Mamma hurried off with just a backward glance at her sister, who hid her face behind a big book she was glancing through.

Half an hour passed, and mamma reappeared, bearing a tray, on which was spread a delicious lunch, just like that enjoyed by Aunt Carrie. There was the same brown chicken on crisp toast, the same creamy asparagus, a bit of mashed potato and something nice to drink, with lots of cracked ice.

Mamma looked warm and tired, and it must have been a good deal of extra trouble to prepare it.

Bessie bounced to the edge of the bed, and did not wait a second, but ate her lunch, every speck but the bones, without delay. Then she lay back with a sigh of contentment.

'I guess I feel better,' she said.

But mamma darkened everything, and after wheeling Aunt Carrie off to her own room for a nap, went away to see about the family luncheon.

For half an hour Bessie lay very still, as she imagined sick people did; then she remembered the dress she had begun for her doll, and that her cousins Mary and Lucy were coming to play with her.

So she went to the door and called to her mother to please bring her clothes, that she was well again.

But her mother looked surprised, and said: 'Oh, no; it is time for your medicine now.'

'But I'm well!' insisted Bessie.

'My dear,' answered her mother, in the firm tone no one ever disobeyed, 'you said you were sick; and sick people take medicine. Here is the first dose; take it like a lady.'

Oh, how that stuff did taste! It was awful! Bessie made a bad face, and gagged, but mamma saw that she swallowed it.

After that Bess stayed very meekly in bed, until she heard her cousins enquiring for her, and heard mamma answering that she was in bed to-day, but they might come back to-morrow and see how she would be.

That was the last straw, she thought, and sobbed piteously in the pillows, feeling like Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. But when six o'clock arrived, and there was company for dinner, with frozen pudding, which mamma said was too rich for the sick ones, the little girl felt that this world is a cold and unsympathetic place to live in.

She lay in a pathetic heap under the sheets, too forlorn to even taste the milk and crackers sent in for the invalids.

When mamma bent to kiss her good-night she looked so repentant that the tender mother's heart relented, and the second dose of medicine was not administered. Two little arms went round mother's neck, and a small voice sobbed: 'I never will make 'tend again, truly.'

Something mamma said, in the lowered light, with her little daughter clasped close in her arms, must have sealed that pledge perfectly, for from that day to this Bess has been known for her absolute truthfulness.

LITTLE FOLKS

'ONLY CINNIMIN.'

By Mrs. J. McNair Wright.
(*Youth's Temperance Banner.*)

'Ware's Shop' is a favorite resort of the children when they have a penny or a nickel to spend. It is clean, neat, well stocked, with its goods well displayed, especially the candy counter, where a good variety of sweets is temptingly arrayed. Thither one day went Hugh and Jack intent on spending each two pennies. Ware held out a pink plate.

'Here's something new! You'll like these.'

'They're cigarettes. I don't use tobacco,' said Jack, scornfully.

'No, no, sonny; they're not tobacco at all. Only just cinnamon rolled up in cigarette paper. They look cigarettes to the life, but they are just good, sweet, spicy cinnamon. You know cinnamon?'

Yes, indeed; Jack knew cinnamon. He called it cinnimin. Molly gave him a little taste of it, now and again. It was associated with the making of delicious sweet pickles, by mamma.

'Will it burn?' he asked.

'Yes, indeed. Burns and smokes nice as soon as you light it. Cinnamon stick is dry and oily, and when you put a match to it, it burns nice and slow. Four for two cents. Try 'em.'

'Gimme four,' said Hugh.

Then Jack laid down his two cents also. After that they ran to Hugh's kitchen for matches. Then presently two little lads appeared on the streets with cigarettes. Jack's mamma saw this dreadful sight as she sat sewing by the window. She could scarcely believe her eyes. She raised the sash, and blew the little 'home call' on the silver whistle in her work-basket. Jack came running in. Somehow he did not feel as pleased with himself as he usually did.

'My little boy with a cigarette! Oh, Jackie, can it be possible?'

'Only a joke one, mamma! It is only just cinnimin—stick cinnimin—only just exactly. Look at it mamma.'

Mamma smelt one, broke a bit of the bark with her finger nail, and looked at Jackie.

'I had four; four for two cents. One I smoked up. Here's half of this one—an' here's two whole new

ones.' Jack laid all on mamma's lap with a little sigh. That second cinnamon roll had not tasted real good; already he was thinking of the things he might have bought for two cents; marbles, a whistle, string, jack stones, scrap pictures, pencil, paper, a top; and these things all were only smoke—these cinnimin sticks. Molly could have given him cinnamon for the asking.

'Lay them on the silver tray on the centre table,' said mamma, 'and when papa comes home we'll see what he thinks about them.'

Jack obeyed. 'Tell me what you think, mamma.'

'I will tell you part of what I think, I think people seeing you

pretty soon!" If some disreputable idle tramp met you, very likely he would look at you curiously and whisper to himself; "I began that way." Some good person, who knows nothing of you, might meet you and say: "Poor little fellow, his parents are not taking care to bring him up well." All these remarks would be made by people who would see you smoking cigarettes made of "only just cinnamon." Cinnamon fixed to look exactly like those dangerous cigarettes of tobacco that have been the ruin and death of many a boy.'

'What else?' asked Jack, interest-

'I will leave you to think out the



with those would believe they were real tobacco cigarettes. I think if our minister or superintendent met you, they would say; 'What, our Jack, the boy we like so much, taking up the evil habit of cigarette smoking, at only seven? Oh, dear, how terrible!' If your Sunday-school teacher saw you she would say: "How disappointed I am in that dear little boy." If some of our nice neighbors saw you they would say: "Too bad; we must keep our little boys away from a child so badly brought up as that." If the keeper of a tobacco shop or saloon saw you, he would say: "Ah, there will be one of my customers

"else" for yourself,' said mamma.

When papa came home Jack held out the tray with his morning's purchase.

'Hello! What's all that?' cried papa.

'Only just cinnimin,' said Jack.

Papa picked up a specimen, looked at it closely. 'Poor little chaps,' he said. 'The world is bound not to give them a fair chance. It gets after them as hard as it can.'

Jack felt down to the bottom of his boots that this meant little boys.

'What do you think about it, papa?' he asked.

'I think little boys' mouths and

throats were not made for smoke-stacks. I think if that "only just cinnamon" is rolled in real cigarette paper it will be very dangerous indeed, as cigarette paper has arsenic in it. I think many a boy never became a man because he smoked real cigarettes. I think many a man has failed to be of account in the world because he smoked cigarettes. I think cinnamon was not grown to be used in that style, and although these rolls are "only just cinnamon" they may make your lips and throat sore, and your stomach very uncomfortable, and that then you will have to take those consequences. They may not be very agreeable.'

After dinner was over and papa had gone to the office, Jack crumpled the little cinnamon cigarettes into fine chips and shook them into the fireplace.

'Mamma,' he said, 'I have heard what two people think about it, and I'm three, and what I think about it is, that maybe if I begin on these I'll go, perhaps, to the really truly ones, and that I don't want to do. Some one might tease me to try a real one, and it would be easier because I had smoked these. Then, mamma, I don't like to be thought bad habited when I am not, and I don't like to uncredit you before folks, and I've thought there's example set, if I'm seen round with these; and, then, mamma, we've got on very well with our ways so far, and I don't want to be the one to disorganize things.'

Jack was rather fond of large words and of using word forms of his own construction. Mamma smiled a little to herself, then she said:

'Jack, dear, the Bible says to abstain from even the appearance of evil. I hope you never will touch cigarettes; but you live in a world full of temptation, and Satan takes very artful ways to lead little lads astray. There is One who can help my little son, to keep all good resolutions.'

'Yes,' said Jack. 'I will talk to Jesus about it a little. He knows I want to be a boy with a nice clean mouth for you to kiss. I like your kisses very much better than cinnamon, or anything.'

'Bless your little heart,' said his mamma. 'You are a nice comfortable little child to deal with.'

Grandmother's Room.

'When I was a little girl,' said grandmother, 'I had to learn a whole chapter of Proverbs by heart every week. I recited it to my mother on Saturday night, and if I knew it perfectly she gave me a silver sixpence.'

'Suppose you did not know it? What then?' Alice asked.

'Then I had to get up very early on Sabbath morning, study it over, and recite my chapter before breakfast. But then I lost my sixpence.'

Ethel and Katharine both said that they would like to be paid for learning their Bible lessons, and they asked grandmother what she did with her money.

'Well,' she answered, 'it was my own money to do just as I pleased with. I was brought up to think that one-tenth of all I had belonged to God, and I have kept on thinking so all my life, so I put aside that portion for my missionary box. Then I used the remainder, as you do your allowance, for my own purposes. I always had a little money in my purse, and that was a very convenient state of things. It was not once in six months that I failed to recite my chapter by heart.'

'What other parts of the Bible did you learn, dear grandmother?'

'The Sermon on the Mount, the fourteenth chapter of John, a great many psalms, the whole book of Philippians, the Ten Commandments, the last chapter of Revelation, and a great many chapters of Isaiah. Besides I learned by degrees nearly all our church hymns.'

'Do you remember them still?' asked Ethel.

'Every one of them, my child. When I lie awake in the night, I say them over and over, and they are a great comfort. Once,' said grandmother, smiling at the recollection, 'I had a terrible disappointment. There was a contest in our Sunday-school, and prizes were offered for the best recitations of the Catechism and of the Scriptures. I gained the prize, and was called up to the superintendent's desk to receive it. There, before him lay two piles of books, some in gay bindings, red, blue, gilt, very attractive, and some in plain black, not nearly so pretty.'

'Take your choice, Ruth,' said Mr. Van Sinderen.

'So I put out my hand and selected a book in brilliant binding, a

book which even to-day I would fancy, for my heart warms at the sight of red. It is a triumphant color, children, and makes you see flags fly and hear drums beat and bugles call.'

'Oh, Ruth,' said my teacher, just behind me, "I wouldn't take that book if I were you. I'd choose that little thick book in the plain black dress."

'But I was firm in my first choice. Alas, I had reason to be sorry. The book I had taken was far beneath my capacity, a real baby book, and I dearly loved to read. It always reminded me of my folly, the more so, as the other book, I learned later, contained a most beautiful story.'

'I think somebody might have made you put down the red one,' said little Kate, decidedly.

'No, dear, the lesson was a good one, better learned that I had brought my regret upon myself. I have never since then been so ready to choose by just the outside. A plain and homely face may cover a kind and true heart. Rough clothing may be worn by one of nature's noblemen. I look a little deeper than dress when I am making an acquaintance. And it is borne in upon me that God wants us to do this, for we are told that "man looketh on the outside appearance, but God looketh on the heart."'

Many wise bits of counsel come to the happy children who have grandmother's room to go to as a charmed retreat.—Mrs. Sangster, in 'Christian Herald.'

A Garden Cinderella.

(Martha Burr Banks, in 'The Presbyterian Review.')

The pear-tree and the cherry-tree
were dressed in snowy white,
But the tardy little apple-tree was
in a sorry plight,
For it couldn't boast a blossom, and
it wasn't fine at all,
And the doleful little apple-tree felt
very, very small.

But Spring, the fairy of the world,
still lingered on her way,
And she waved her magic wand
around, and magic words did say,
And with an answering blush and
smile, the happy apple-tree
Came blooming out in pink and
white, the prettiest of the three.



LESSON IX.—September 1.

Isaac, the Peacemaker.

Genesis xxxvi., 12-25. Memory verses 24, 25. Read Ephesians iv., 2, 3.

Golden Text.

'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.'—Matthew v., 9.

Lesson Text.

(12) Then Isaac sowed in the land, and received the same year an hundredfold; and the Lord blessed him (13). And the man waxed great, and went forward, and grew until he became very great: (14) For he had possession of flocks, and possession of herds, and great store of servants; and the Philistines envied him. (15) For all the wells which his father's servants had digged in the days of Abraham his father, the Philistines had stopped them and filled them with earth. (16) And Abimelech said unto Isaac, Go from us; for thou art much mightier than we (17) And Isaac departed thence, and pitched his tent in the valley of Gerar, and dwelt there. (18) And Isaac digged again the wells of water which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father; for the Philistines had stopped them after the death of Abraham; and he called their names after the names which his father had called them. (19) And Isaac's servants digged in the valley and found there a well of springing water. (20) And all the herdmen of Gerar did strive with Isaac's herdmen, saying, The water is ours; and he called the name of the well Esek; because they strove with him. (21) And they digged another well and strove for that also; and he called the name of it Sitnah. (22) And he removed from thence, and digged another well; and for that they strove not; and he called the name of it Rehoboth; and he said, for now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land. (23) And he went up from thence to Beersheba. (24) And the Lord appeared unto him the same night, and said I am the God of Abraham thy father; fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee, and multiply thy seed for my servant Abraham's sake. (25) And he builded an altar there, and called upon the name of the Lord, and pitched his tent there; and there Isaac's servants digged a well.

Suggestions.

When Isaac was about forty years old he married the beautiful and talented Rebekha, whose story is told in the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis. Twin sons were sent to them, Jacob and Esau, who grew up to be men of very different characteristics.

A famine arose and Isaac and all his household moved west to Gerar in the south of Canaan. There the Lord God appeared to him and renewed the covenant which he had made with Abraham, promising mighty blessings. Isaac was the child of promise and the heir of the promises. God has a plan for our lives. In his heart each individual has a place, and for each one of us he has planned a beautiful life. God planned to make of Abraham and his descendants a great nation who should walk with God in this world. But he could only fulfil his promises as long as the people were obedient and sincere. If we allow any unbelief or insincerity in our hearts, that will always stand between us and God. Abraham believed God, and Isaac also believed.

The Lord God blessed Isaac so mightily that the people of the land grew very envious and perhaps afraid of him. Abimelech, king of the Philistines, went to Isaac and asked him to leave his country, because he was greater than the inhabitants who doubtless felt as though he were growing rich at their expense. So Isaac went and settled in the valley of Gerar, and reopened the wells which his father had dug and which

the Philistines had enviously filled up again. Isaac gave honor to his dead father by calling the wells by the names which Abraham had given them. Isaac's servants dug a new well in the valley where they found exceptionally good water, but the herdmen of Gerar declared that the water belonged to them, and they fought about it with Isaac's servants. Isaac called the name of that well Esek, meaning contention, and when the same thing happened about the next well he called it Sitnah, meaning hatred or spite.

Isaac meekly left those wells and dug another about which no contention arose, so he called it Rehoboth, meaning room. The Lord God makes room for peaceful people and the meek shall inherit the earth. In this little incident Isaac showed his possession of four of the blessed characteristics mentioned by our Lord (Matt. v., 3-10), he was poor in spirit, meek, merciful and a peacemaker, and probably also he was persecuted for righteousness' sake, for the Philistines knew that he worshipped the Lord Jehovah, the only true God.

God wants us to be practical Christians, honest and true and pure in our inmost thoughts, and in our daily lives fulfilling his commandments and glorifying him. Isaac glorified God in his patience and meekness. Every day we have opportunities to glorify God and to build up holy characters by little deeds of loving kindness and meekness. And every day the Saviour has promised to be with us and to help us to please God. We need not wait for what seem like great opportunities to please God for if we do not improve the smallest opportunities we will not be ready for the great ones when they come. Besides the things that seem small in our eyes may be of great importance to the kingdom of God. The only way to succeed in pleasing God at all is to lovingly and gratefully try to please him in everything. Jesus will help if you try.

Isaac moved to Beersheba, and the Lord appeared to him again that same night, saying, Fear not, for I am with thee and will bless thee, renewing the promise given to Abraham. Isaac built an altar there and stayed there and God blessed him there mightily.

C. E. Topic.

Sun. Sept. 1.—Topic—Spiritual acquaintance.—Job xxii., 21-23.

Junior C. E. Topic.

MEETING TEMPTATIONS.

Mon., Aug. 26.—Keep away from wrong.—Job xxviii., 28.

Tues., Aug. 27.—Do right.—I. Cor. xv., 24.

Wed., Aug. 28.—Jesus' example.—Luke iv., 8.

Thu., Aug. 29.—Bible strength.—Matt. iv., 4.

Fri. Aug. 30.—Prayer.—Matt. vi., 13.

Sat., Aug. 31.—Jesus our helper.—Heb. ii., 18.

Sun., Sept. 1.—Topic—How to meet temptation.—Matt. xxvi., 41; I. Cor. x., 12, 13.

The advice an experienced pastor gave to a class of young men going out to preach the Gospel is just as good for every Sabbath school teacher. He said, 'Aim at the hearts in preaching. Not every man has a head, but every man has a heart.' If you aim at the head you will miss some of your hearers. If you aim at the heart you will hit them all. Aim at the heart.' Good advice is that for every teacher of the young. The true measure of every Christian worker's personal power is found largely in the heart. If you long to win the souls of your scholars to Christ, you must love them. Some one has said, 'There is but one rare and precious coin with which you can purchase the costly treasure of a child's heart, and that coin bears the image and superscription, Love. First, love to Christ, and then love for the souls for Christ's sake, should be the motto of every teacher. With such an inspiration, no one could fail of success.'—Dr. Hallock.

'We know of a prominent clergyman,' says the 'Hull Christian Voice,' 'zealous of good works, who prides himself on his ability to steer the middle course of moderation. He brought up his children likewise, even to the ridiculing and tempting of their young friends who were abstainers. Result—his two sons have become victims of the awful craving. Will their blood not be upon their father's head?'



A Voice from Heathendom.

We find in 'L'Alcool' an article on alcoholism in Madagascar, and the measures taken for its suppression by the predecessors of the present Queen Ranavaloa. To begin with, there is reference to a king who loved rum, as did his courtesans and his counsellors. 'When they deliberated on the affairs of the kingdom they drank toaka, the king and his counsellors; if any one spoke of war they asked: Who is the man that would be bold enough to make war against the king? And then they deliberated, the deliberation consisting in drinking toaka. Then the king slept from the effects of the drink and the counsellors separated and were found drunk in the highways.'

'Then one arose who said "I do not love toaka; toaka shall be for the king and the kingdom shall be mine. The country ought necessarily to belong to me, for the king drinks toaka every day and he is drunk every time he drinks. What I advise is that you do not use it; I do not wish it; it gives a bad name to the government and if you use it it may happen that I may not be able to conquer the kingdom. Do not use it," said he at the commencement of his reign, when he had reunited the provinces to the kingdom; and when he had subdued the Merina and taken possession of Tananarive he made a law about toaka.'

'"This is what I have to tell you, my counsellors, my wife and my children. Now that I have definitely conquered the kingdom, if I find anyone drinking toaka, or I learn this of anyone, I regard him as seeking to prevent me reigning. You have seen that the people who drink toaka try to deceive when they drink, and therefore I shall condemn to death those whom I find drinking toaka and I shall maintain peace in the kingdom, for the ideas which they borrow from toaka make the rich turn aside from the way of prosperity and reduce them finally to misery. Also, those who drink or who shall send it into the interior I shall condemn to death."

'The people asked, "Why do you not love toaka?" and he said "Because it takes count of nothing, neither of a prince, nor of the family, nor of the future, nor of the government." The people answered "This is true," and they fell into accord with the king and said "We condemn to death those who shall drink toaka whoever they may be, whether they may have rendered service to the state, have been able travellers, have been brave scalars of villages, they shall be condemned to death." Some paid no heed to these threatenings and they were put to death according to the terms of the established convention.

'One day the king said "Let us test the effect of toaka; let us search out a fine fighting bull and make him drink toaka." Then they made the bull drink toaka and he became drunk and fell down and remained immovable. Then the king said "Kill him and bring me his liver that I may examine it." After having examined it he found it was burned and he said "Look now, O people, we see in the ox the proof of the injurious effects of toaka. No one is so powerful as the bull, and nevertheless the toaka is so bad that it has been able to burn his liver, what would have happened had it been the heart of a man? Let us prevent toaka coming here; let us leave it in the country where it is. If anyone makes it come here I will condemn him to death, I will not spare his life."—Temperance Record.'

An Effective Lesson.

A drunkard in New Orleans was recently saved from continuing his career of dissipation in a peculiar manner. The young man in question was of a fine family and had splendid gifts, but was going down as fast as it was possible for a man to go through strong drink. His friends had pleaded with him, but he had taken their warnings as an insult. One day one of them, who was a court stenographer, determined to try a new tack with him. He was sitting at a restaur-

Correspondence

MAKES A GOOD PRIZE.

A lady has written to the Publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' requiring five copies of that paper to be sent to five boys. She says:—'I thought I could not select a better prize for these boys and girls for punctual and regular attendance at school, than your noble little periodical, the 'Northern Messenger.' This splendid paper is doing much for the boys and girls of our land.

Yours sincerely,

FRANCES M. KINLEY,

Belmont, Man.

McKellar, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday-school. I like to read the 'Little Folks' Page and the Correspondence best of all. My father is a farmer, and we live a mile from the village of McKellar. I have two brothers, and two sisters, and one of my sisters is married. I have two sisters dead. I go to school, and I am in the third class. Our teacher's name is Mr. Lamb. He is a very nice teacher. I am twelve years old. My birthday is on April 13.

Granton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years now, and my sister has taken it for as many years as I have. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school now, and I would like very much if you would change the name on the copy that comes to me and send it to a little boy out in the North-West. He is a little Indian boy that the W. F. M. S. of our church has got to clothe, and I don't need two 'Messengers.' His address is, 'Peter Ross, Indian Boarding School, Portage la Prairie, Man.' I am in the senior fourth class at school, and in the holidays I work on a farm. I am 11 years old.

JAMES A. S.

[Your request has been attended to.—Ed.]

Hensall, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school and as I have not seen any letters from my Hensall friends in print, I thought I would like to write one. I am thirteen years old, and am in the fourth book. My teacher's name is Mr. Mackay. We have three rooms in our school. Hensall is a most beautiful village, it is only twenty-five years old and is now incorporated. My great-uncles named it after their old home in England. My father keeps a pork-packing house, and was the first reeve in Hensall. I have five sisters and one brother, of which I am third youngest. I go to St. Paul's Church. We had our Sunday-school picnic at Bayfield on the tenth of July, our minister's name is the Rev. J. W. Doherty. We just live ten miles from lake Huron.

MAUDE M. P.

North Kemptville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. This is the third year I have taken the 'Messenger.' I am interested in the Correspondence, and I also like to read the stories. Mamma helps me find the texts in Find-the-Place Almanac. I have no sisters, but a dear little baby brother, eight months old. I help mamma take care of him. Now it is vacation. I am in the fourth grade at school. I got the prize last term for good conduct and attendance. I am very fond of reading.

FLORA D. R.

Sparta, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Mrs. Barnam and I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for a long time, and we like it very much. I live on a farm, and we have three hundred acres. We have seven horses and twelve cows, and eleven calves, but only a few pigs, for we have just sold some. We have three orchards, with apples, pears, peaches, and plums. I wonder if anybody's birthday is on the same date as mine, Jan. 8.

C. G. R. (Aged 11).

Bertrand, Neb.

Dear Editor,—My home is in Bertrand, but I am visiting at the home of one of our subscribers, Charlie Greenlee. While here I read the 'Messenger,' and when I go home I think I shall subscribe for your paper. I go to Sunday-school and church at the Methodist-Episcopal Church. I am not going to day-school now, but it will begin

in September, and close in the latter part of May. This year I will be in the ninth grade. I will study Latin, algebra, physical geography and bookkeeping. I will be twelve years old on the 5th of next month. I would like to see this letter in print. When you print it will you please note below the cost of the paper a year?

EMMA WILSON (Aged 11).

[One yearly subscription to your home would be 30 cents, free of postage.—Ed.]

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl living in the North-West, and I have nine brothers and six sisters, and they are scattered all over. I have some cousins living east of Toronto.

JESSIE C.

Morrison, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, to which I go nearly every Sunday in summer. I like it very much, especially the 'Little Folks' Page.' I like the Correspondence also. I never saw a letter from Morrison. We do not live very far from the city of Guelph, and it is a very nice part of Ontario. We had our Sunday-school picnic about three weeks ago, and I enjoyed myself very much at it. I go to school nearly every day. My teacher's name is Mr. Armstrong, and I like him very much. I am in the second reader. I will be ten years old on October 21, next. For pets I have a little grey kitty named Topsy, and a black calf called Flossy.

JESSIE C.

Plaster Rock, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for about two months I think it is a very nice paper. I will try and describe the place in which I live, it is just a new settlement, but is building up fast. There is a lumber mill situated here owned by F. H. Hale & Murchie. High cliffs of plaster rock extend along the banks of the Tobique River as far as the eye can see; hence its name. There have been eight new houses put up since spring, besides the school house, which they will have done by next term. I am taking music lessons. The train comes up here every night now. There is a large hotel, also two stores. My father is a clerk in one of them. I was 12 years on July 24. I would like to correspond with Effie E., Trintern, Ont., if she would write first. My full address is,

GENEVA F. SHAW, Plaster Rock, N.B.

Crosshill, Wellesley, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for about three years and we all like it very much. I noticed in the correspondence two little girls were the same age, and their birthdays were on the same day. They were 11 years old and their birthday was on July 23. Their names were Nina G. Gray, from Alberton, P.E.I., and Mamie Y., from Adolphustown. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, Jan. 3.

ANNIE C. C. (Aged 12).

Port Burwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day, but we are having holidays now. I have one sister whose name is Nina, and I have no brothers. She is seven years old, and her birthday is Sept. 2. I have a pet cat. Her name is Tabby. I am in the fourth reader. I live near the sea shore, and we have fine times bathing in the summer time; it is so shallow. The train passes just below my grandfather's lot. We have a fine summer resort here, and intend having camp meetings this summer. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' ever since I was three years old, and I think I could not do without it. I attend two Sunday-schools, the Methodist in the morning, and the Baptist in the afternoon. As this is the first time I have written I wish to have it in print. My birthday is April 17.

MARY L. (Aged 10).

Highbury, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy five years old, and live with my grandpa and grandma. For pets I have a dog named Jack and two cats, Tommy and Tiny. My grandpa has a colt named Bonnie.

ARCHIE B.

Plaster Rock, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger.' She has only taken it a few weeks. I think it is a nice paper. I have two sisters and one brother. I was nine years old on March 23.

HELEN M. S.

rant one evening, when the young man in question came in with a companion, and took the table next to him, sitting down with his back to him, and not seeing him. He was just drunk enough to be talkative about his private affairs, and on the impulse of the moment the stenographer pulled out his notebook and took a full shorthand report of every word he said. It was the usual maudlin folly of a young man with his brain muddled by drink, and included a number of highly candid details of his daily life—things that when he was sober he would as soon have thought of putting his hand in the fire, as of speaking about to a casual acquaintance. The next morning the stenographer copied the whole thing neatly and sent it around to his office. In less than ten minutes he came tearing in with 'what is this, anyhow?' 'It's a stenographic report of your monologue at the restaurant last evening,' his friend replied, and gave a brief explanation. 'Did I really talk like that?' he asked faintly, 'I assure you it is an absolutely verbatim report,' was the reply. He turned pale and walked out. He never drank another drop. There are many men who would cease not only the sin of drunkenness, but other sins as well, if they could see themselves as other people see them.—'Presbyterian Witness.'

Temperance in India.

The Rev. Francis E. Clark, writing of his trip abroad, says of an interview with a number of Brahmans:

'The conversation turned on the temperance question, and I was obliged to blush in good earnest for the branch of the Aryan race which I represented before my brothers of another branch. In the most perfect English—pronunciation, inflection, modulation, the best Bostonese—they complained pathetically and bitterly of the evils of intemperance which the government had forced upon them.

'We Brahmans are teetotallers by religion, custom, birth and tradition,' said one: 'But the government under which we live is forcing the liquor curse upon us against our will. Even when we struggle to free ourselves, it is no use. Our rulers think more of revenue than they do of our souls and bodies, and would send us all to perdition for the sake of raising the taxes more easily. We are trying to get a law passed to prohibit the sale of liquor in any district where three-fourths of the people of the district or city ward petition against it. But even that the officials will not allow; and our country will be cursed by liquor, we fear, in spite of all.'

'But what happens,' said I, 'when a Brahman drinks intoxicating liquor?'

'He is excommunicated at once,' was the prompt reply, 'if it is known. No Brahman drinks intoxicants except in a secret and underhanded way.'

'But do you mean to say that no liquors or wines are sold or drunk in your club?' I inquired again.

'That is just what we mean,' they replied. 'No drop of liquor ever has been sold, or ever shall be sold, so long as we are in control. In fact, the question that is agitating the club now is whether bottled lemonade and soda water shall be sold, and after a warm discussion it has been decided by a large majority in the negative. We do not wish to introduce foreign drinks of any kind. Soda is associated with whiskey and brandy, and we will not have the taint of a saloon about our club. Coffee and tea are good enough for us.'

When I said good-by to my hospitable temperance hosts, they asked me to write a sentiment in their club book. My sentiment was, 'I rejoice that there is one club on the face of the earth where liquor is not sold, one club-house that does not reek with the fumes of wine and tobacco.'—'Standard.'

Surround your children with good influences if you would have them grow up a credit to their race and faith. Above all, keep out of your home that most insidious form of temptation, intoxicating liquors of all kinds.—'War Cry.'

Who can see groups of boys of six and eight years of age in our streets smoking cigars, without anticipating such a deprecation of our posterity in health and character as can scarcely be contemplated at this distance without horror?—Dr. Rush.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Talk to Fathers.

How often are men heard to say, 'I leave the training of my children entirely to my wife'; or, 'I never interfere with the discipline, my wife attends to that.' Another type of father still, assumes in his family the role of lord high executioner.

'If you don't stop that,' says the fond, foolish mother, 'I will tell your father on you.'

In some families there is no threat so dreadful, and I have known a father to tell laughingly, as if it were a good joke, of the poor scared little faces which were lifted to his when he appeared suddenly among them with a rattan in hand, inquiring whether there were 'any whippings to be dealt out that afternoon.'

Alas, how far away these poor earthly fathers are from the fatherly ideal which is set forth in the Bible! And how can they illustrate to a child anything of the fatherhood of God?

A father ought to be friendly with his children; he ought to be interested in every interest of theirs, right down to their dollies and their bats and their balls. Nothing which concerns them should be too trivial for his notice. A father ought not only to love his children, but he should show that he loves them. He ought to prove this so convincingly that, whatever happens, they can never doubt their father's affection for them.

I was waiting at a railway station for a friend one Christmas eve, when I noticed a tall, fine-looking man of perhaps fifty years, who was pacing up and down the platform, evidently waiting for the same train as I was. As the train glided into the station, his eyes scanned the cars till they alighted upon a handsome lad of about eighteen, who also was gazing eagerly at the crowd.

'Here I am, Tom,' cried the gentleman, joyously.

The boy's face glowed and he sprang from the platform almost before the train had stopped moving.

'Father!' said he, and in an instant he had the grey-bearded man by the shoulders and kissed him. Then he pushed him away a little, and looked him lovingly in the eyes. 'I'm awfully glad to see you,' said he, 'how's mother?'

I looked at them wistfully as they walked away together. Oh, I thought to myself, if there were more fathers like that, there would be fewer young lives wrecked upon the treacherous rock of sin, for a father's love will hold a boy when the sternest commands and the most rigid training would be of no avail.

Said a middle-aged woman to me, 'I have known what the text, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," meant ever since I was ten years old. At that time I had a kitten, a pretty little creature, which I loved as a little girl with all my heart. But, alas, one spring morning Sprite, stole a young chicken belonging to a neighbor and ate it before the man could rescue it. He came to our house at once, very angry, and demanded that the cat should be killed; but I begged for Sprite's life so pathetically that he promised to spare him, if he sinned no more. In a few days, however, the cat was seen lurking near the coop, and soon made off with another chicken. The neighbor gave chase, of course, but the cat hid. So he came over and demanded the cat's life as soon as it should appear. My mother felt that it was just and promised that I should bring Sprite over as soon as he came home. In a short time he came purring up to me, and I had to take the dear little fellow up in my arms and carry him to his doom. The neighbor drowned him forthwith. I did not complain before anyone, but my little pillow was wet with tears every night for my lost comrade. My father was from home at the time and I carried my trouble alone until his return. After he had kissed us all round and heard various items of interest, he turned to me and said, "How is Sprite?" and I told him what had happened. I shall never forget how he caught me in his arms, and put me on his knee, as he said, "Poor child! That is too bad! If I had been here it never should have happened"; and I sobbed out my grief on his breast and was comforted. It was a little thing, a mere trifle compared

with the sorrows of my life, but perhaps some of the things which we grieve over now seem quite as trivial to the eyes of Omnipotence, yet none the less our Heavenly Father is quick to comfort us.'

A father cannot shirk the responsibility of his children. God will hold him equally accountable with the mother for them and if they go astray through any lack of fatherly care or affection, he will one day find himself terribly to blame.—The Presbyterian.

Offending the Little Ones.

(By Eugene L. Beckwith, in 'S.S. Times'.)

'No,' said my little German friend, 'I should never make a child wear something that it hated. When I was a little girl my aunt sent my mother some cloth to make me an apron. I can see the pattern clearly before my eyes after twenty years. It was a white ground, over which ran little curly-tailed pink pigs. "How pretty and amusing!" exclaimed my mother. But with me it was a case of hate at first sight. With a black shadow hanging over my heart I watched mother cut the cloth into a long, sleeveless apron. When it was finished, to my dismay mother said I was to wear it to school.'

'With tears, I begged that I might not; but my firm mother did not believe in yielding to the notions of a child.'

'Arrived at school, my teacher noticed my red eyes, and called me to her, making me trot all those little pigs the length of the room.'

"Are you sick, Rosa?" she asked.

"No."

"Does something trouble you?"

"Yes, but I can't tell you about it."

"The girls began to whisper and smile, and point at the tiny pigs on my apron, and my little seatmate—my best friend—drew away her dress, and said, "I don't want to sit with pigs."

'After school, I hurried home ahead of my sisters. At table my father noticed my red eyes, and said, "What aileth my merry little Rose? Has she already found thorns in her path?"'

'I could only sob and silently point at the unconscious offenders sprawling their baby pinkness all over my apron. My heart was full of a great dread of the reprimand I should receive from my kind father. But he only said:

"Oh! it's the apron—is it? Well, take it off, and put on another, and then I'll have my merry Röschen back again."

But I suffered so much from the time the cloth came into the house until my mother gave the apron to a little girl, who was made happy by the gift, that I have always said I would never make a child wear something that it hated.'

A Frequent Mistake.

(Mrs. L. A. Gullickson, in American Paper.)

'Can't I help you?' said the pleading voice, and the child's eyes sought the mother's face questioningly.

'No! No!' the hasty answer given; 'I'm too busy to bother; you'll hinder far more than you will help.'

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BABY'S OWN SOAP

'But just to set the table,' girlie went on, but a glance into her mother's face told her she need plead no longer, and she gathered her books under her arms, and went out beneath the trees.

'That child is more bother, with her whys and wherefores,' the weary mother said at tea time. 'I can't have her fussing around when I am busy, even if she is eight years old.'

By reason of almost unendurable heat and increased work for hired help the little mother awoke one morning with a dull pain in her eyes and head.

'I'm going to have one of my sick headaches,' she said. She managed to get through the long hot day, until tea time. 'I declare,' said she, 'I cannot stand it another moment; girlie must come and help.'

Girlie came and did her best; she burned her fingers lighting the fire, but tied them up and set bravely to work. She spread the table-cloth neatly and smoothly, but the knives and forks were scattered hap-hazard and the creamer, sugar bowl and spoon-holder were at various points of the compass, the salt-cellar bore traces of greasy fingers and the cups and saucers were thrown together carelessly. She was compelled to ask about this thing and that and that and to bring the tea to mother to measure. But who can wonder or blame the little child, who would have known just how to do all, had the mother taught her? Mothers do you find the moral?

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Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger'.